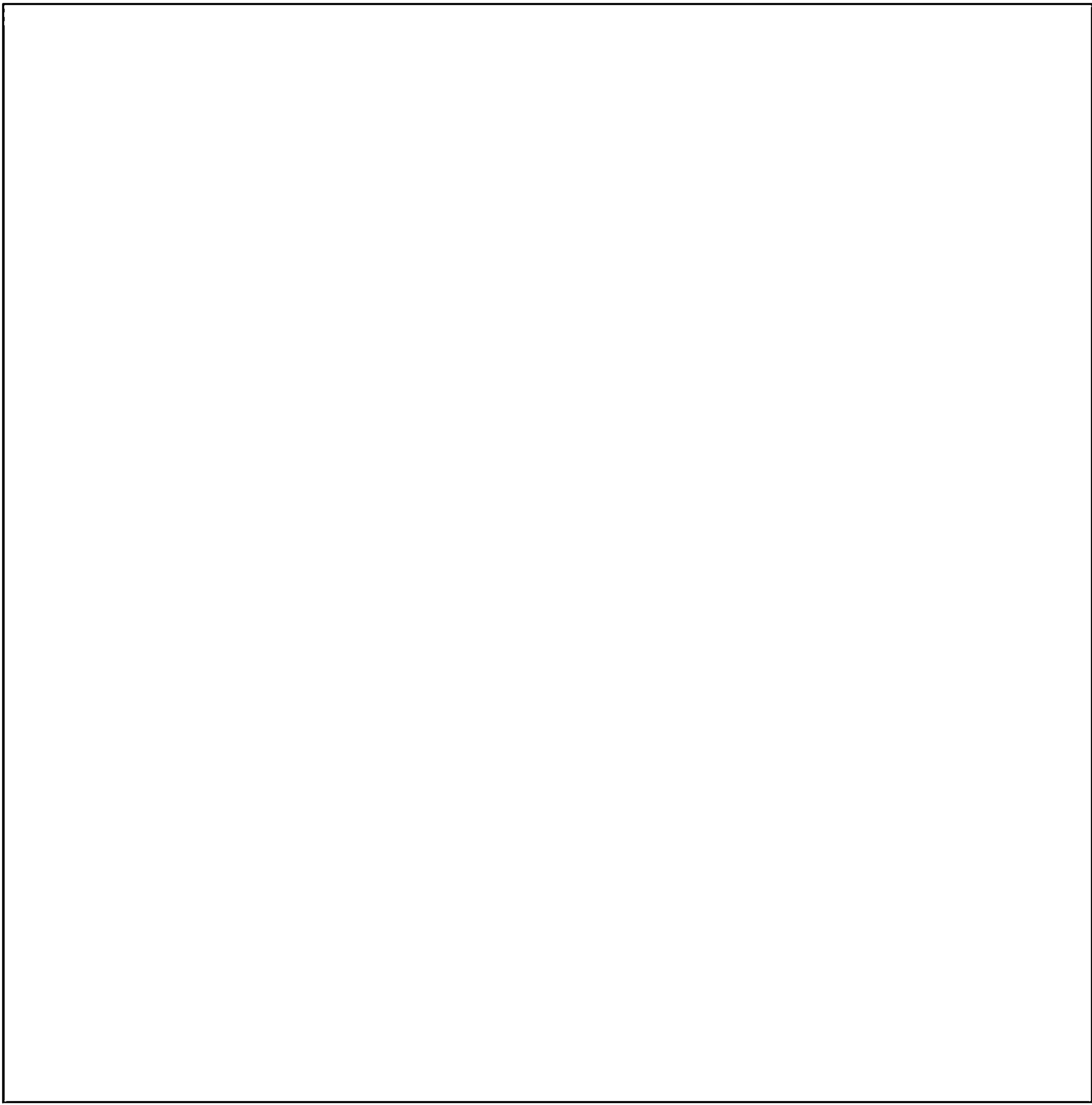


She Otta Be In Pictures



Eva Elisabeth Bilancio-Schoning, our international correspondent from Denmark, pictured here at 10 weeks of age, is heir-apparent to her mothers position in the pages of *La Vigna*, and we're always glad to catch a glimpse of her here. Keep those pictures coming in Eva!

The Price of Onions

by Dean Acquaviva

Life sometimes can get ahead of us all, and help us take things for granted. It takes a resolute will and immeasurable insight to keep all of our life's segments in perspective without ignoring any one area.

When someone makes any sphere of our lives easier by resolving details for us, it becomes even easier to ignore the responsibilities inherent to that area.

The euphemisms I am kicking around here are not just my ponderings on the meaning of life, although as most know, it doesn't take much to get me going on that subject. So what, if anything, does this have to do with the price of onions? Nothing, not one blessed thing; but it does have a convoluted correlation to the price, health, and welfare of our family newspaper *La Vigna*.

This publication is more than a com-

A La Vigna Reader Responds

By Drew Acquaviva

This is an open letter to all of the Readers, contributors, family members as well as the many friends of the *La Vigna*, from another of the Acquavivas, Dean's brother, Drew.

Many of you may remember me from the reunion this past summer. I was the one wearing the flesh colored foam collar around neck. (known in medical circles as a "Philadel-

continued on page 4

Blessed Event

On Thursday, February 9th, the world became a sweeter if slightly more crowded place to live. This was accomplished through the dutiful efforts of a joint venture between Mr. James Spillers and his beautiful wife Jane Spillers (Bilancio). Their New family member is Rachel Michelle Spillers, weighing in at 8 pounds 7 ounces she is a happy handful. We hope to be the first publication to bring you photos of the lovely young lady. You'll have to wait for this year's *La Vigna* picnic to meet her in person.

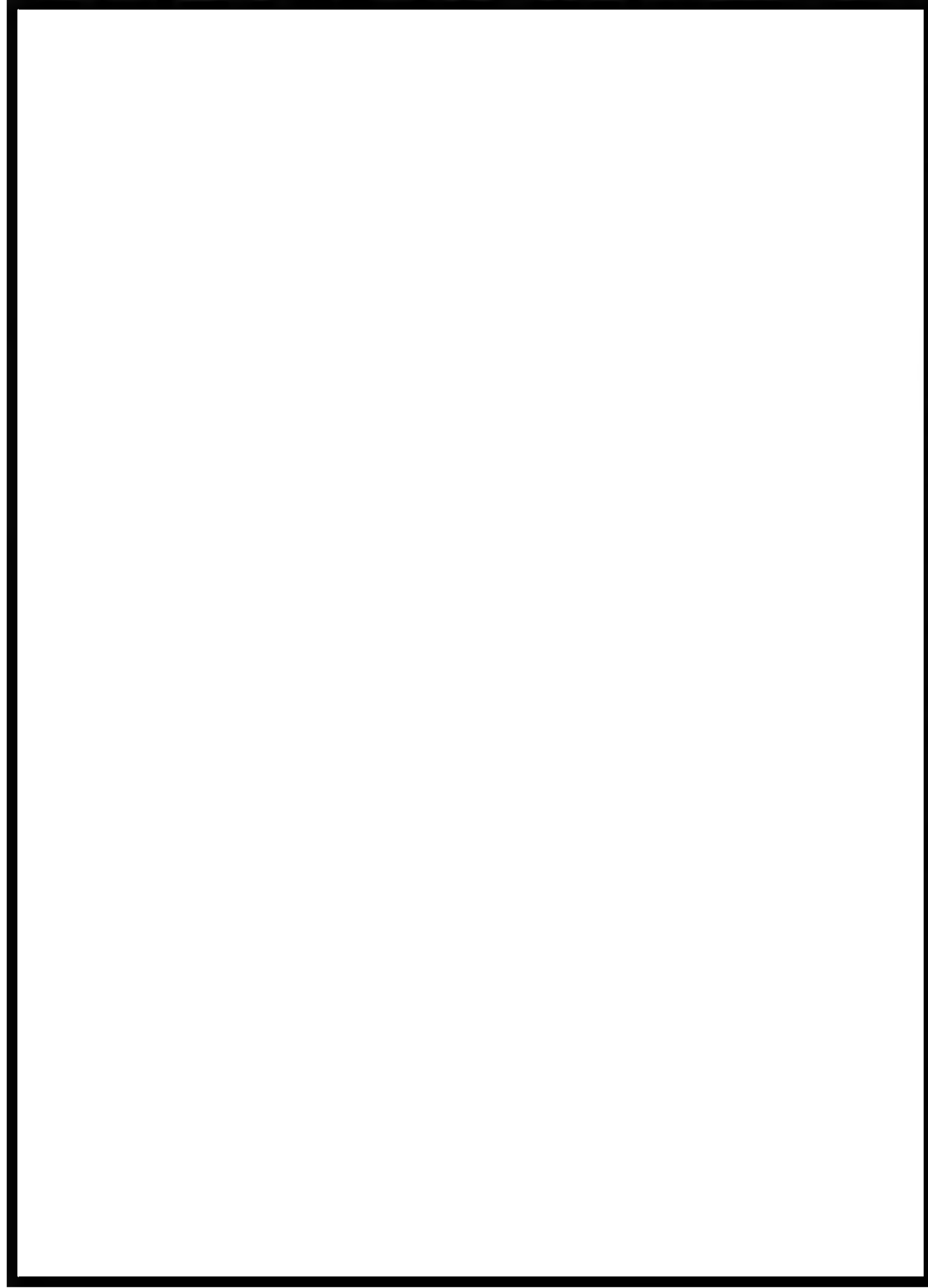
LA VIGNA @ROCKNROLL.COM

By William Bilancio

La Vigna has gotten its own exit on the information super highway. The line above may look like gibberish to some people, but to the computer literate it's an easy way to get an article or just a note to the staff of *La Vigna*. continued on page 3

Acquaviva Bris A Huge Success

Michael and Karen Acquaviva celebrated the birth of their second son, Mark Vincent Acquaviva in



the traditional Jewish rite of the Bris. I was fortunate to be among the honored guests who gathered in the couple's Hamilton home to bear witness to this time honored tradition. The Rabbi and the mohel both came to the home to perform the ceremonies. The family and friends that surrounded the couple and their new born completed the magic which ush-

ered young Mark Vincent Acquaviva into the fold of humanity in general and a very specific and loving local community.

Pygmy

By Lewis Bilancio

Grandpop Leopoldo had been in America only a few years. He had never been to school and was illiterate, hard of hearing and after a lifetime of labor in the fields he looked older than his 82 years. He had arthritis and seldom left his rocking chair by the stove. He was a believer. He accepted any stories we brought from school no matter how strange. Education for him was a world of wonder and marvelous information. The moment we arrived home we, myself in third grade, Rose in first, and Jenny in kindergarten, would rush to Grandpop and tell him what we had learned, He would open his eyes wide, and even his mouth and say “E vero, e vero, e proprio vero?” (Is it true, really true?) This was, for Grandpop, the happiest part of the day. We fought for his attention. Actually only my stories were original straight from 3rd grade. Rose told him what I had already learned two years before, and Jenny what Rose and I had already told him. “Ma e vero, e proprio vero!” was his only response. I couldn’t understand why he could get excited by twice told tales. Sometimes I would interrupt him and say, “But Grandpop, I already told you that two years ago.” It made no difference. Indeed it seemed to me that my sisters received more credit for their second hand stories than I received for mine, even though I improved them. I learned about snakes that ate animals bigger than their mouths. This didn’t seem so strange to me since I was always eating sandwiches bigger than my mouth and little Butch, the biggest boy in class, ate 1/2 a spoletta (loaf of stuffed bread) for lunch. But when I told Grandpop about snakes facing larger animals - both with their mouths wide open and who could open its mouth wider would swallow the other - it really got his attention. This time Grandpop didn’t open his mouth so wide. The biggest mouth was that of the hippopotamus. On the bulletin board there was his picture partly in a lake - with his mouth wide open - and a bird was in his mouth. Miss Lewis, our third grade teacher, explained that the bird was cleaning the hippo’s teeth so they could remain healthy. She told us about toothbrushes, but there is no word for toothbrush in Neapolitan so I couldn’t tell Pop or Grandpop. (Later my sisters went shopping with Mom and came home with toothbrushes) / I told Grandpop about the birds cleaning the hippo’s teeth - how he would have all his teeth if only a bird had cleaned his teeth when he had had them. Grandpop thought a while and then asked, “While the bird is in the mouth cleaning, does he ever caca?” Rose and Jenny were scandalized and said of course not. I was not so sure. On Friday Miss Lewis reviewed the week’s lessons, and asked for questions. She seemed disappointed that no one was asking any, so I asked her grandpop’s question. Some bad kids in the class laughed, but instead the teacher got mad at me. I’m always asking wrong questions. Later in the year we learned about the Pygmies of Africa. The teacher explained how short they were-only four feet, but that didn’t seem so short to us. We were all shorter than that and we didn’t feel like Pygmies. But then she told us about how they had long hollow bamboo poles through which they

Continued on page 4



April

- April 1....Diane Garzio
- April 1....Susan Slaninka
- April 7....Joe Chianese
- April 11...Mary Armenti
Theresa Guerra
- April 13...Peter Schoening
- April 14...Jane Chianese
- April 16...Francis Bilancio
- April 17...Leo Chianese
- April 19...Bobbi Wiesner-Chianese
- April 20...Loretta Chianese
Joe Gervasio
- April 21...Pauline Chianese
- April 24...Joe Garzio
- April 25...Mark Chianese
- April 27...Julianne Wiesner-Chianese
Tosca Bilancio
- April 28...Elsa Chianese

May

- May 1....Willie Bilancio
- May 9....Brian Dixon
Francesca Garzio
- May 11...Jacalyn Anthony
- May 24...Joey Gervasio
- May 26...Chris Chianese
- May 28...Craig Chianese
- May 30...Brent Schutts

June

- June 5....Fred Esposito
- June 9....Jennie Immordino
- June 13...Terri Klepczynski
- June 14...Luigi Roberts-Bilancio
Gary Wayne Schultz
Susan Chianese
- June 15...Steven Gervasio
- June 16...Verdi Bilancio
- June 18...Dominic Gervasio
- June 19...Archie Bilancio
Roberta Immordino
- June 22...Alex Chianese
Robby Chianese
Daniel Cohen
- June 23...Kevin Dixon
- June 24...Rita Chianese
- June 24...Paul Salninka
Vanessa Chianese
- June 26...Ira Roberts-Bilancio
Claudia Schutts
- June 30...Gary Chianese

Chi la dura la vince.
He that endures, overcomes.

CHRISTMAS BOUNTY

By Dean Acquaviva

My mother-in-law Rose Bilancio always told me, "The Lord works in mysterious ways". And although I felt I understood this marvelous idiom, I never experienced the mini-miracles she spoke of in the same light as she had, until now.

Late one night very recently, as my wife Clara and I settled in to bed for the evening, from outside our cozy domicile came a sickening thud followed by the alarming screeching of automobile tires on asphalt, a sound which never fails to send shivers down my spine.

Dressing in haste, I scrambled downstairs and out to the street expecting to find mangled autos and injured motorists. What I found instead surprised me: a single motorist examining his car in front of my residence. Where was the other car? Was this a hit and run? No, this man was exclaiming, "I didn't even see it before I hit it!" And that's when it all became clear. He had struck a deer with his auto. The car certainly sustained substantial damage, but one look at the deer and it was instantly apparent who the loser was in this confrontation.

The deer struggled for life bravely for a few minutes which seemed like hours. Then there it was, a dead deer on my property. After a heartfelt consultation with my wife, we both agreed it would be sinful to let this noble creature of God lay in waste in the weeds. We set about our unpleasant task not really sure what we were doing. Mind you, this is 11:30 at night, no lights, no experience, just sheer will power driving us on. I'll spare us all the details, but by 8:30 the following evening (I did have to go to work) the job was done and our larder was packed to the hilt with fresh venison.

So far we've made a delightful spaghetti sauce with garlic-venison base, and had venison steaks marinated in a secret sauce of our own concocting. Not being avid carnivores, this bounty will probably last us long enough to share with anyone who cares to indulge at the *LaVigna* picnic. Stop by sometime soon and we'll whip up some new recipe for venison.

A post script to this story is necessary, for our generosity far outweighed the expanse of our manna from heaven. In my boasting of this good fortune to my rock climbing cronies, I extended an invitation which three gentlemen and their significant others took me up on. Although the deer meat survived that onslaught, we then hosted a group of twenty family members one evening at 90 Eggerts Rd., in the tradition of Lou and Rose, and that was the meal which brought an end to our proverbial loaves and fishes, but it was fun and tasty while it lasted.

municative tool which allows us to know who in the family is becoming betrothed, bearing new precious life into our midst, our finally reaching goals long stiven towards. Not that these things aren't worthy of notice, but they are the baseline of communication above which we wish to soar. We hope to be a platform from which a precious gift can be exchanged: that gift is the **Italian-American Experience** of our extended *La Vigna* family. No one can provide us with that. We can only give that gift from within ourselves as individuals to our "family" as a group.

That is but one part of the "price of onions", and it may be the hardest part, for it requires soul-searching and a commitment of time to document what you have lived and felt.

The other price is the literal dollars and cents it takes to make this publication a reality. The cost of *La Vigna* like everything else in life keeps going up. The post office raises postage costs, copy costs go up; you know the drill it happens everywhere.

The real problem is that *La Vigna* needs a broad base of support at a modest level, rather than a few large endowments from overly generous individuals. If everyone that received *La Vigna* contributed five dollars we could cover our operating costs for the year!

In the past our support has come in steadily enough to keep us one step ahead of the landlord "so to speak". Now, however, we find ourselves behind the eight-ball with barely enough in place to cover the next issue.

Please, if *La Vigna* means something to you, send in a small showing of financial support to help keep it going. A donation of any amount would be greatly appreciated. If you don't wish to support *La Vigna* and it doesn't mean much to you please drop us a postcard so we can remove your name from the mailing list.

LA VIGNA @ROCKNROLL-cont.

Thanks to William Bilancio's Computer Bulletin Board IT'S ALL ROCK 'N ROLL we are able to get an address. The board is located in the Trenton area, so if you don't have an Internet address yourself then give the board a call at (609)695-9319. He has set up a special account just for *La Vigna*. You can drop off an article there or just look around. If you do call, just log in as *LA VIGNA*. If you want an Internet address for yourself, call in and log in using your own name. Follow the instructions, and you are good to go.

When you get to the main menu, drop William a line. To do this type "C" and follow the prompts. Tell him who you are and what part of the family you are from. When you log on you automatically get your Internet address at no charge and with no hidden costs.

So, remember, if you have access to the Internet and want to drop us a line or an article, our address is *LA VIGNA@ROCKNROLL.COM*. Hope to see you on the information super highway.

Happy Easter

Pygmy- cont.

blew poisonous darts and killed birds and animals high in the trees. The teacher had learned that to teach well you must have action, so she passed out hollow macaroni and small peas. She put the picture of a bird up front and we had to blow peas at it to see who was the best Pygmy. Alice Nicollini who sat in the front row caught a pea in her ear and when she tried to get it out pushed it further in instead. Her neighbor Mary Snyder told her that it was going into her brain. Alice started to scream. There was lots of action. Even the principal came. The bird watchers and the Audubon Society heard about it so it was discontinued because children shouldn't be taught to shoot at birds. For a while we used a target with a bulls eye on it. But a new improvement in education said that activities should resemble real life, and who ever heard of pygmies shooting at bulls eyes with macaroni? My sisters never learned of the Pygmies at all. It was a good story for Grandpop, so when I got home I told him about Pygmies in Africa who were only one foot high and shot darts with bamboos a mile long. Grandpop opened his mouth wide which was quite a sight with only two teeth left and his eyes were bulging. "E vero? E proprio vero?" He said. Credulous and on the verge of senility he never questioned my stories, but this time he asked "How can a Pygmy walk through the jungle with a bamboo a mile long?" I wasn't really sure how long a mile was. "I'll ask my teacher," I said, but I already had gotten into trouble asking questions, so I never did. Leopoldo told Pop, and Pop laughed. He laughed at everything Grandpop said. But next Sunday when Pop asked me what I had learned in school and looked at my homework, he asked me about the Pygmies a foot tall with bamboos a mile long. "I made it up to make Grandpop happy," I said. Pop turned around and looked out the window, but in the reflection on the glass I could see that he was smiling. I was not the only one who made up things to make Grandpop happy. Instead of the expected rebuke, Pop said, "Just don't tell those tales to anyone else."

Reader Responds-cont.

phia collar") I was wearing this unbearably hot appliance in mid July due to my recent spinal fusion surgery, which when all was said and done turned out favorably; but that's not why I am writing.

I am writing this as an overt act of involvement in something that I have vicariously participated in, enjoyed and marveled at for quite some time. The *LaVigna* is something that I consider to be a wonderfully unique and special part of my, and I would have to think so many other lives, that I felt compelled to contribute. I have also been telling Clara that I wanted to submit a piece for so long that it was getting to the "put up or shut up" stage. After all, how many families have such a marvelous avenue to keep up with the comings and goings, trials and tribulations, weddings, funerals, first teeth, vacations, new babies, new jobs, new friends and the myriad events, experiences, an-

nouncements or "whatever" in this the family experience we are all a part of.

After reading the *LaVigna* for so long and having known and been involved with some of the different people who so selflessly dedicated themselves to the act of making sure that the paper hit the news stands, so to speak, I felt that it was time that I contributed to this institution or I should at least stand up and be heard.

I also wanted to say hello to some people that I don't get the chance to see very often, and whom I miss:

"Hi to Fran, and Angelica and family out in the mid-west."

"Hi AngeloJohn, wherever this finds you, I wish you peace."

"Hi Mickey and family I hope things are well for you."

I would also like to extend a blanket greeting to any and all of the people who I know and love out there doing that life thing that I don't get a chance to see often enough.

Hi!

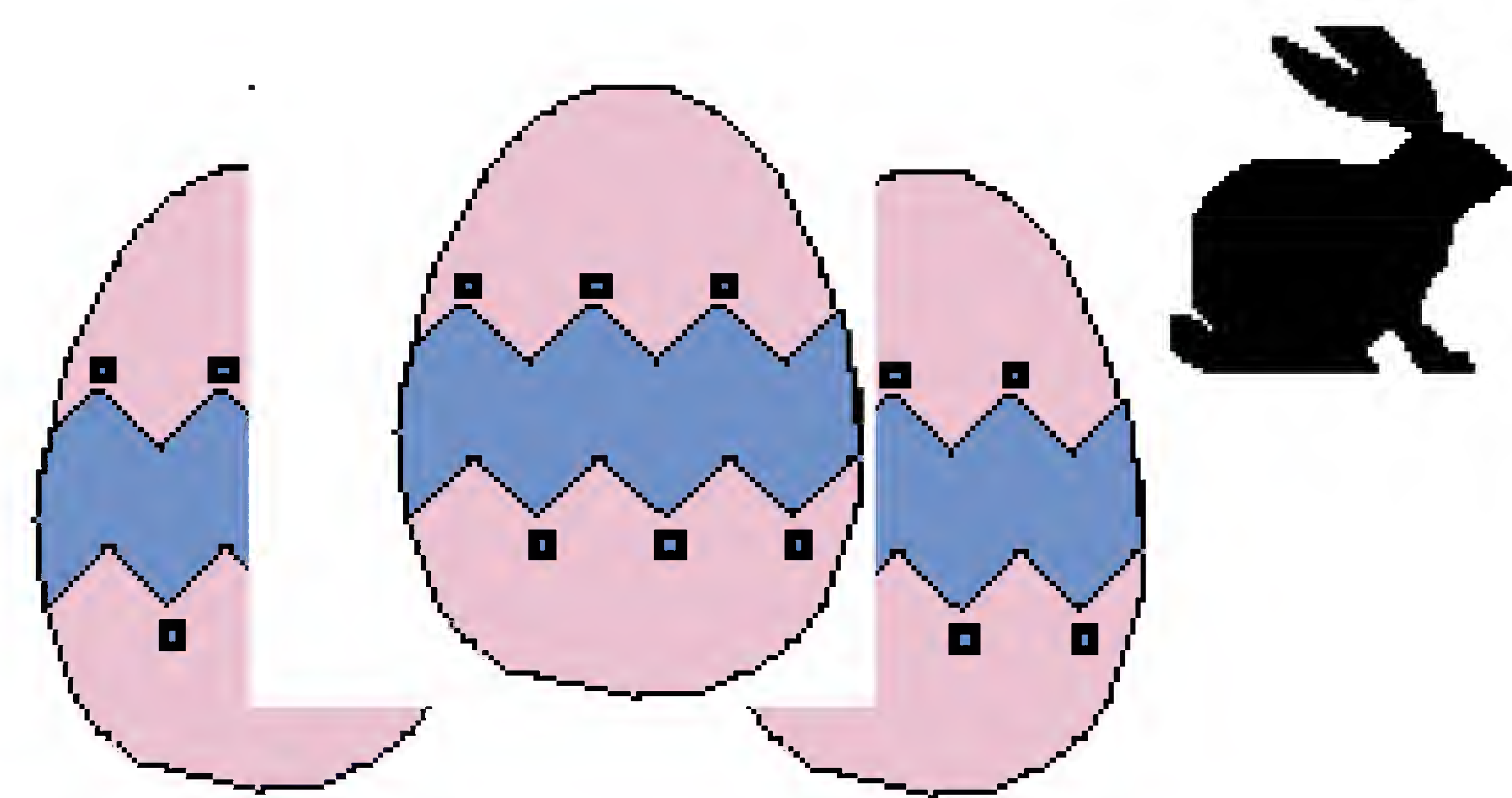
At this writing Sally, my intended, myself, Bob, Spanky and Remy our cats are all well and happy. We are in our new house in Hamilton Township, # 4 Englewood Blvd. If you ever find yourself in the neighborhood, stop in!

I am presently teaching the fifth grade at the Mott School in Trenton and really enjoying my experiences with my ten year olds.

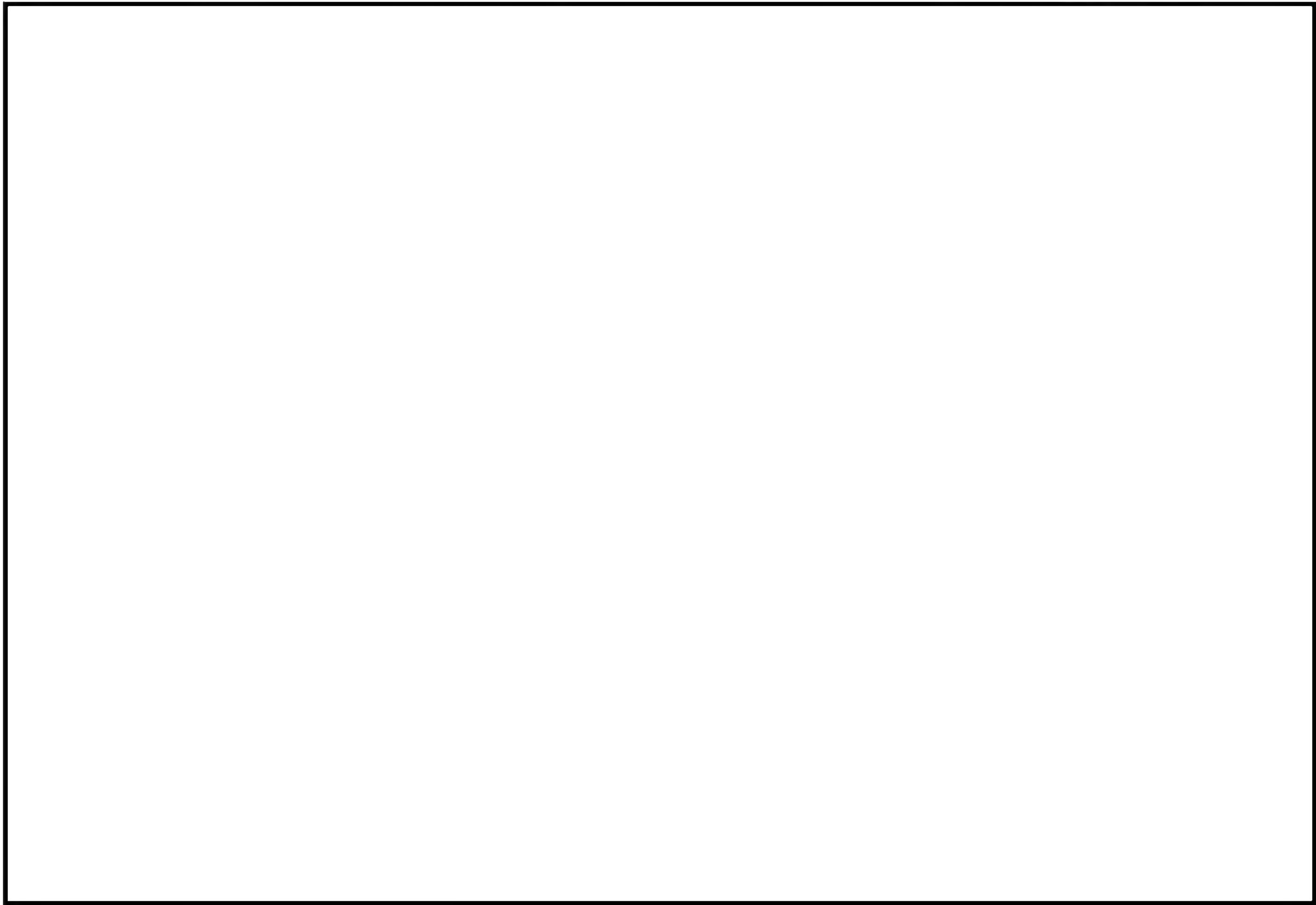
I am also an avid computer head; as a matter of fact I am composing this piece on my Macintosh SE, an older but quite functional machine.

I enjoy my subscription to America On-line, which allows me to send and recieve E-mail at my Internet E-mail address which is "Rewday@AOL.com". I love to get mail and I would encourage anyone that this letter reaches to drop me a line.

My brother Dean also has an E-mail address, and he has given me permission to share it so that many of you would now be able to submit articles and properly formatted graphics for publication in *LaVigna* as well as any personal mail that you may have for the folks at 90 Eggerts. His Address is "Macimouse@Aol.com".



5Family Mourns Passing of Raymond Johnson Sr.



On Saturday, March 25th, our family lost a member who will stay in all our hearts as long as we shall live. Raymond Johnson Sr., was 76 years of age when he succumbed to a prolonged illness at Mercer Medical Center. Born in Pike County, KY; Ray had lived happily in Lawrence for the last fifty years. Ray was a veteran of WWII, and an active member of the American Legion Post414. He was a generous man always willing

Ray was survived by his wife Beatrice, sons Raymond Jr., and John, daughter Beatrice. He came from a family of nine, and was survived by a brother Albert Johnson, and three sisters: Lois Bovia, Katherine Harris, and Bernice Allstead. Ray always went to great lengths to make one feel at home in his house, and of late he and Beatrice had been hosting numerous dinners for large groups of family and friends at their home. A regular at all family gatherings, he could be counted on for a hardy welcome and a cheery word. His smile and laugh were as genuine as his accent, and he embodied the concept of the southern gentleman. He truly was a gentle man, never wishing harm on anyone, holding his temper under even the most strenuous of trials. Ray was a personal favorite of mine in this large and varied family, we shared many quiet conversations off to the side at family occasions, and I will sorely

The following words were spoken at the graveside of Raymond, by his wife Beatrice: I thank God for Ray's loving faithfulness, Ray's believing in our abilities to do, Ray's trust and Ray's frankness to keep us level headed. I thank God for the family he gave us through Ray. Ray, may you know the peace of

mind you so sought in the arms of Your Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ.

The Fruits of My Labors

by Dean Acquaviva

The fig is an elusive fruit, it does not abound in plenty in our geographic area, but people go to great lengths to nurture and help these plants flourish for they cherish the small uncommon foodstuff. A great majority of the people growing these beloved figs are of Italian ethnicity.

I had no idea what an Italian tradition the cultivation of figs was but it soon became apparent from the reaction of my enraptured relatives as they sampled the sublime fruit which had been grown by uncle Lew in Glassboro. In the Bilancio family, Lew seems to be the undisputed king of the fig growers, and the size of his figs give testament to the love and energy that goes into maintaining these trees.

My first direct contact with a real fig tree was back in 1983, when the lots of Guiseppe Bilancio were in the process of being sold. At that point Frances Bilancio organized a small labor force to reclaim from the lots some of the fig trees and some earth over which Guiseppe had labored long and lovingly. So Fran, Joe Bird (family friend), and myself proceeded to unearth the fig tree, and move some rich black earth to 90 Eggerts cr. Rd., its new home. We planted the fig tree in the garden and it was left in the capable care of Fran.

A few years later when Clora and I bought the property, I inherited the fig tree and this is when my real love affair with figs started. I queried everyone I knew who had ever owned a fig tree, and began to spy on my neighbors to try to know what I should do to protect my fig during the winter.

It soon became obvious that there were two major routes; covering and burying. I immediately opted for covering, having an empathetic reaction for any living thing being buried, and my first attempt was met with mixed reactions by the tree.

After consultation with Lew Bilancio, I found that some thought was involved in this process. The fig trees like to breathe and disperse moisture, so my wrapping it in plastic had trapped moisture close to the tree and as it froze it damaged the tender plant.

I then embarked on a not so scientific study of wrapping materials: burlap -for the inside layer; bubble wrap, fiberglass insulation, used rugs(people throw them out frequently)-for the middle layer; plastic sheeting-for the outer layer. My coupe-de-gras was the plywood structures I would erect around the tree once it was wrapped. These boxes, I was sure, would keep out the most severe winters our area had to offer.

Then came the ice storm of '94, and I was certain I had lost all three of my trees. but the youngest transplant, which hadn't even been covered survived and bore fruit. Oh yeah, I neglected to say that in my attempt to train the original tree to a

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, O.I.!!

by Angelojohn Chianese

After years of desire, imagining, planning, saving up and yearning, and months of structuring, auditioning and rehearsing, OPERA INTERNATIONAL, the love child of Dr. Samuel Bellardo (your cousin and mine) was birthed in a flash of brilliance and glory at Richardson Auditorium, Princeton University, on March 25, 1995.

As many of you know, Sam has been studying, teaching and composing opera since his graduate study days at Juilliard School of Music in Manhattan 30 odd years ago. I met my hard-working cousin at a reception following his Carnegie Recital Hall concert around 1965--we were in our 20's then--and was overwhelmed by the brilliance of his playing style, his deep compassion for the music of Bach and Scriabin and his humble gratitude for the presence and adoration of those of us filling the elegant hall. I was there with my mother, Anna, and father, Tony. We had gathered at the Bellardo homestead in Hightstown earlier that evening with 50 odd other friends and relatives at the generous invitation of Sam's father, Lewis (were you there too?)

Lew's excitement was palpable. God had smiled on this family and given him four feeling and intelligent children; now his third born was at the pinnacle of his years of profound study and he had engaged a bus company to transport us all together at his own expense to New York City.

Sam's star did not burn out at that recital. It only continued to grow brighter until now, 30 years later, after teaching piano technique and composition skills to countless evolved musicians at colleges and universities from New York to South Dakota, from Virginia to Pennsylvania; he has taken his life savings and vast experience and dumped them all into the launch of this long-nurtured dream--the creation of an opera company, internationally connected, anchored here in the Princeton metropolitan area, designed specifically to give nascent operatic students, lovers and professionals a springboard from which to dance.

Sam would not tell you about the birth pains which accompanied this miracle event, nor of how he has invested his life savings (and borrowed from those of others) to get this company on its feet; but I will. This is not a money-maker. It is a life desire fulfilling itself. It is a return to the colleagues and progeny of the operatic tradition of the gifts of inspiration and love he himself has received from the generosity of his mentor masters.

Sam has engaged me as language consultant to the company and I have been very privileged to work with these "large spirits", as Sam has often referred to them. He has encouraged me to ask cousin Fran Bilancio as our business

manager and grant writer--we both agreed that Fran possesses the kind of genius most appropriate to our enterprise--but Fran is currently a great distance away and has declined for now as he is intensely involved in his family, community and professional work in Michigan.

Now the exciting part. Opera International will pick up the yearly studies in Italy program that Sam had piloted through the Kutztown University overseas study program and will be offering open enrollment to friends, family and students as early as next summer. Watch this space for further details. Isn't this the chance you've been looking for to visit or return to the land of your ancestors? Dates will be flexible, prices will be very critical to the flowering and survival of this enterprise. We must find ways to raise funds, locate magnificent Board members and or contributors; in short, handle the nuts and bolts aspects of the ship. The artistic details and inspiration are already well grounded. You should hear these voices! By the way, the Richardson performance was done with the accompaniment of a full "pick up" orchestra under the direction of Maestro Thomas Herrera (Princeton Ballet and American Theatre Orchestras).

If you love opera and would like to make a difference in this venture, copy this article and send it to a friend or colleague, ask them for input or money or simply their good intentions in our direction. If you know people who are great writers or artists (or millionaires!) speak to them, remind them that this planet needs music much more than cars, armies, another VCR or television set.

Many of us are coming to realize in our lives that poetry is more important than newsprint, myth as significant as history, and meditation a crucial adjunct to thought. Whether you write, read or sing or play in relation to your world, listen to music--it is the harmony of the universe, the meditation of the Creator.

Fruits of Labor-cont.

few main trunks and keep the height under control, I had started some cuttings and they grow quite rapidly. I give some away but usually plant one new tree a year.

Enough about my trees, are there any *La Vigna* readers out there who can give me some sound, expert advice on how this task is really accomplished? I (and all of *LaVigna* would love to here from you and get the facts straight)

P.S. Anyone who would like a cutting just let me know I'd be glad to give you one.



La Vigna News Sleuths Track Down Wedding

Sources Unknown

The La Vigna news staff has lately been taking its clues from the FBI and the CIA. It seems as if family news has become so secrative that we have been reduced to spying on our own family in order to gather information for our readers.

We recently uncovered a plot to keep the wedding of Robert Candelori and Terri Tighue as clandestine operation. All joking aside, we recently heard that Robert Candelori, son of Robert and Irma Candelori, had wed Terri Tighue and that the happy couple was residing in Kingston NJ.

The Happy occasion took place at the Trenton landmark, The Roman Hall, and the groom's father Bob Candelori, sang for his son and new daughter-in-law at the reception.

We really would like to have reported this story with more detail, and we apologize in advance for any inaccuracies, however we need our readers to supply us with timely information.

I would like to apologize to Robert and Terri, I am not trying to make light of your wedding and welcome the chance to print a full coverage of it, the way you write it,with pictures of course, but we used your story to try to make a point. Things ARE happening out there, weddings, births, graduations, accomplishments of all kinds, milestone anniversaries, and sadly deaths. This paper has a mission to help us all keep a finger on the collective pulse of the family, and we can't do it without your help. When something happens in your life please send us a note about it; then you

La Vigna Says Thanks

From time to time we would like to acknowledge the people who help keep this small miracle of human communication going and make it all possible through the charitable donations they send in to us .

Please understand that this is by no means a complete list of the people who have donated, this is only a cursory mention of the people who have donated very recently.

Please excuse any omissions , they may be plain oversights or poor record keeping, but our heart is in the right place, and our thanks go out to all of you who have ever donated to keep this dream alive. THANK YOU...peace.

Zipadeedodah
Samuel Bellardo
Lewis Bilancio
Al & Sandy Remboske
Susan Kiley
Anthony Colavita

This Space Available for **Your**
Story-**BE THE FIRST ON YOUR**
BLOCK TO GET A STORY IN TO

La Vigna

MAIL EARLY AND OFTEN

Hope to hear from you soon!

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

By Dean Acquaviva

La Vigna should exist as an ongoing chronicle of our collective experience, compiling, recording, and preserving the rich cultural heritage our Italian immigrant ancestors brought with them when they came to this country.

It seeks to record and preserve for posterity the positive contributions to our communities by these original Italian immigrants, and those of their descendents.

We hope to help trace the lineage of our collective families through anecdotal and historical writings, which will help family members share information, emotions, and the diversity of the human experience in our remembered past and to comment on and share stories of life as it now unfolds before us and our children.

We wish to create a positive climate to encourage and nurture subsequent generations to celebrate and preserve the inheritance of their familiar origins.

Lastly, we strive to be a catalyst to fan the flames of desire for us all to communicate more often and sincerely, and to gather together at least once every year to celebrate life and its wondrous changes together as a living community.

La Cucina

PIZZA PIENA -- EASTER FILLED PIE

1/2 LB. provolone
1/4 LB. American cheese
1/4 LB. Italian Grating Cheese
4 hard boiled eggs (cut up)
3 or 4 strips of bacon (cut up)
6 or 7 eggs beaten

1/4 LB. Genoa Salami
1/2 LB. pepperoni
1/4 LB. Prosciutto or sausage
1/3 LB. cappacola
1 1/2 LB. dough

If dough is bought in store, you can add two tablespoons oil and work it in, then cover until dough rises again. Then proceed.

Stretch half of the dough in a greased square pan. Mix and turn very gently all ingredients except the beaten eggs. If you prefer, you may gently layer the ingredients. (This is what I do). Provolone, then American cheese, etc.

Then pour evenly over the entire mixture the beaten egg mixture. Do this very gently so it will be absorbed and not run over. With remaining dough, cover the mixture, closing all ends tightly with fork. Make fork holes on top.

Bake for approximately 10 minutes at 375 F

Then lower temperature to 350 F for approximately 1/2 to 3/4 hour until brown on top.

Note: This recipe by Lorraine Anthony was reprinted from our March 1986 issue.

PICNIC REMINDER

Now that spring is in the air, mark your calendars.

Summer is just around the corner and the

La Vigna Picnic

will be here before you know it.

Join us for fun in the sun on

SATURDAY, July 15, 1995

LaVigna

90 Eggerts Cr. Rd.

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